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COLUMBUS:
OR,
A WORLD DISCOVERED.
AN
HISTORICAL PLAY.

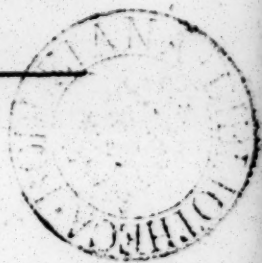
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

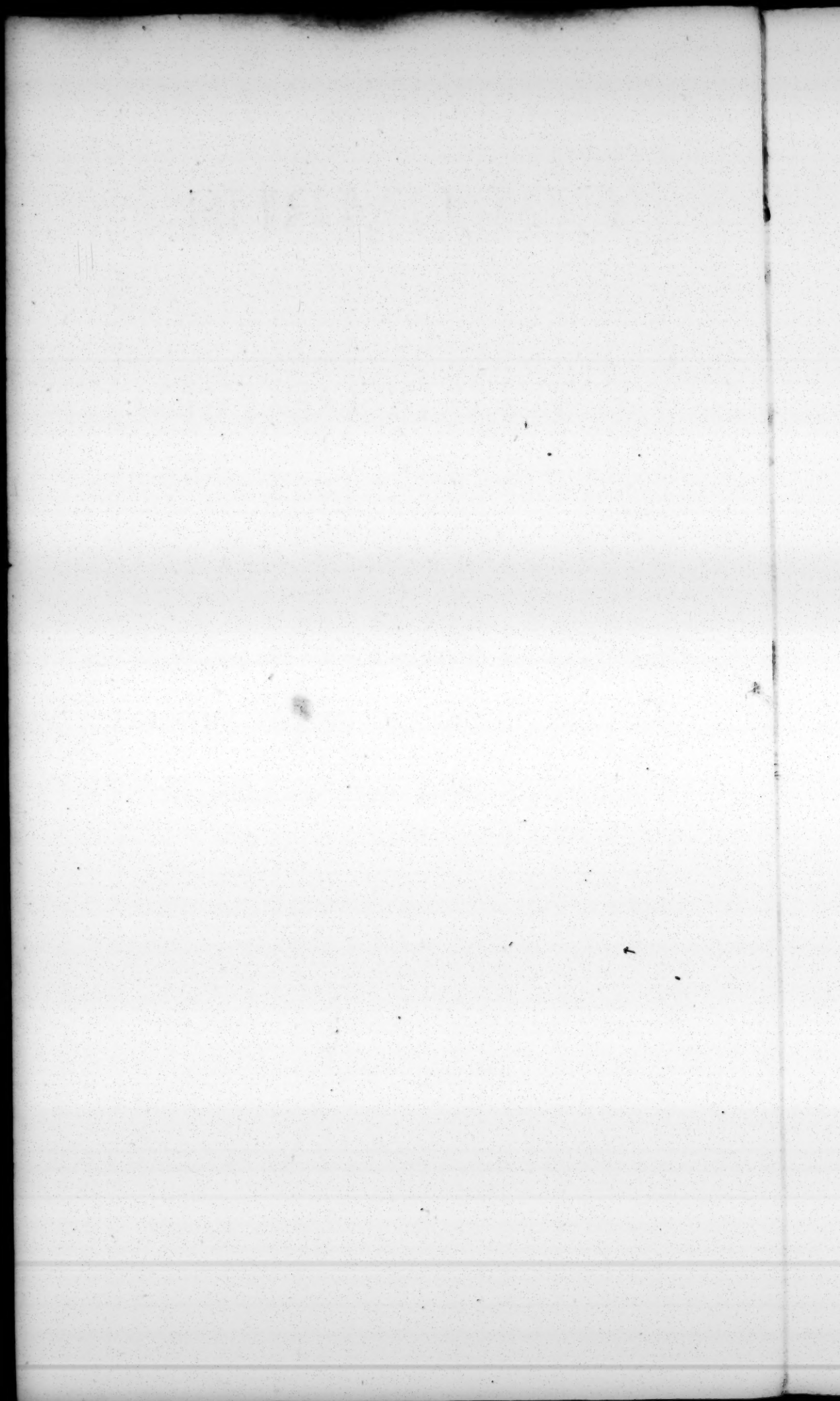
BY THOMAS MORTON, *Esq.*
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AUTHOR OF ZORINSKI ; CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE;
WAY TO GET MARRIED, &c.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. BARKER,
DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,
GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1799.





THE spectator and reader of the following performance, will find the manners and customs of *Mexico* and *Peru* introduced, as appertaining to the *first discovered natives* of the western world.—This deviation afforded the author an opportunity of introducing manners and customs, more congenial to dramatic use, and more particularly of presenting from MARMONTEL'S INCAS, the pathetic tale of *Cora* and *Alonzo*.

TO MR. HARRIS, the author offers his acknowledgments for the extreme attention he has paid to this performance, and the magnificent decorations he has bestowed on it.

For the zeal and talent, manifested by the performers, the author's best thanks are due.—

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. HOLMAN.

WHEN famed Columbus nobly dared to brave,
The untry'd perils of the Western wave ;
Ten thousand dangers in his passage lay,
Dark was his night, and dreary was his day !
The rude companions of his bold design,
Fatigued with toil, against their chief combine :
When sudden—bursting on th' astonish'd view !
A world discovered, proved his judgment true.—
“ Yet black ingratitude, the Great Man's fate !
“ Pursued Columbus with envenomed hate ;
“ But minds like his a base degenerate race,
“ Might meanly persecute—but not disgrace :
“ The noble soul its energy maintains,
“ In spite of dungeons, tyranny, and chains.”

The sons of Europe found a guileless race,
No fraud was veiled beneath the smiling face ;
Their manners, mild, benevolent, and kind,
Pourtrayed the cloudless sunshine of the mind :
Bless'd in their Prince's patriarchal reign,
Whose power relieved, but ne'er inflicted pain,
Their placid lives no fancy'd evils knew ;
Their joys were many, and their wants were few.
One custom with their virtues ill agreed,
Which made Humanity with anguish bleed ;
Compelled at Superstition's shrine to bow,
The hapless victims of a cruel vow !

Their

PROLOGUE.

Their sweetest maids were often doomed to prove,
No joy in friendship, nor no bliss in love !
Yet love and nature cannot be suppressed,
The sigh will heave, and palpitate the breast ;
For spite of vows, which Heaven's wise laws disown,
Love sits triumphant on the heart—his throne !
And breaks those fetters bigots would impose,
To aggravate the sense of human woes !

The rigid laws of time, and place, our bard,
In this night's drama, ventures to discard :
If here he errs—he errs with *him* whose name,
Stands without rival on the rolls of Fame ;
Him whom the passions own with one accord,
Their Great Dictator, and despotic Lord !
Who placed aloft on Inspiration's throne,
Made Fancy's magic kingdom all his own,
Burst from the trammels which his muse confined,
And poured the wealth of his exhaustless mind !
Though SHAKESPEARE's flight no mortal shall pursue—
COLUMBUS' story patronized by you,
Will yield an off'ring, grateful to his dust—
A British laurel on a hero's bust !

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Columbus	—	—	Mr. POPE.
Alonzo	—	—	Mr. HOLMAN.
Harry Herbert	—	—	Mr. LEWIS.
Doctor Dolores	—	—	Mr. QUICK.
Bribon	—	—	Mr. MUNDEN.
Roldan	—	—	Mr. M'CREADY.
Valverde	—	—	Mr. THOMPSON.
Moscofo	—	—	Mr. CUBIT.
Captain	—	—	Mr. FARLEY.

Adventurers and Soldiers.

INDIANS.

Orozimbo	—	—	Mr. FARREN.
Solasco	—	—	Mr. HARLEY.
Catalpo	—	—	Mr. POWELL.
Cuto	—	—	Mr. EVATT.

INDIAN WOMEN.

Cora	—	—	Mrs. POPE.
Nelti	—	—	Mrs. ESTEN.

Priests, Priestesses, Warriors, &c,

* * Those Lines with inverted Commas are omitted in the representation.

C O L U M B U S :

A N

HISTORICAL PLAY.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*On one side of the stage a flight of steps, with a Portico leading to the Temple of the Sun.—In the background the sea. Time, sun-rise.*

Catalpo and Priests from the Temple, who range themselves—then enter Orozimbo—they bow to him as he passes.

OROZIMBO, *prostrating himself to the sun.*

SOUL of the universe, who from thy glittering throne beamest immortal splendour, as thou hast permitted the stars for their appointed hour to bespangle the veil of night, now o'erwhelm all manner of glories in the greatness of thy effulgence, and be once more welcom'd by thy devoted servants to delight and bless the world!—Catalpo, conduct hither the virgin destined to receive a priestess' sacred office.

B

CATALPO

CATALPO *exit*, and *re-enters* with SOLASCO, *leading in* CORA.

Solasco (*kneels.*) Mighty chief!

Orozimbo. Rise, good *Solasco*.

Solasco. I here present the darling of my age to be devoted to the service of our god. It will be worse than parting with my life to lose the comforts of her dear society—but the bright sun, our glorious deity, demands such excellence to be consigned alone to do *him* honour.—Pardon, my king, an old man's tears; but nature will not always, without a struggle, yield to duty.

Orozimbo. Thou hast, indeed, devoted to thy god a precious treasure; but tell me, Cora, can thy youthful mind freely resign the livelier joys of social life, and rest contented in seclusion and tranquillity?

Cora. My father's will has ever sway'd my thoughts, from the first hour that infant sense cou'd learn obedience:—Should he doom my death, his mandate would be met with equal resignation.

Orozimbo. Thy pious mind, which knows to yield such duty to a father, will well besit the service of thy god.—But hear the sacred tenour of the law which binds a priestess to her duty.—Should the heart, to heaven devoted, become the prey of sacrilegious love, our law consigns its priestess, and the accomplice of her guilt, to instant death. Her parents and their offspring are pledges for her faith, and should her flight elude offended justice, their forfeit lives must expiate her crime. [*Cora bows to the sun.*] Now to the altar, and record your vows; then, as our custom is, come forth to shine Queen of this festive day,
the

the last you are to know exempt from sacred duty.

[*Exeunt Cora, Solasco, and Priests, to the Temple.*]

[*During the latter part of this scene the sun becomes obscured by clouds, and thunder and lightning issue from them—the sea much agitated.*]

Catalpo. Great chief, behold what envious clouds obscure the glories of our god.

Orozimbo. Say, *Catalpo*, what mean these bodings! [*A ship appears from behind a projecting rock.* And lo!—What monster's that, whose wings bear it buoyant on the angry main?

[*A cannon is discharged from the ship.*]

Catalpo. See!—From its throat thunder and fire burst forth, seeming to brave high heaven.

Orozimbo. Be not dismay'd—summon our warriors. [*to Cuto.*] *Catalpo*, let the priests attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Country.*

Enter Orozimbo meeting Cuto, Warriors, and Indians.

Orozimbo. My people, we'll to the shore—Should they prove mortal foes, we'll meet their thunders, or if the engines of infernal power, what can virtue fear?—Trust me, the Deity we serve, will re-assume his splendour, and protect his chosen people. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A View of an Indian Country.*

Enter in procession, Indian Officer—Warriors—Indian Music—Cuto—Archers—Standard of the Sun—Cora—Priests of the Sun—Indians bearing presents and Banners—Nelti—Indian Women bearing

ing Presents—Warriors—Orozimbo in a Car, burnished with Gold, supported on the shoulders of Indians, and attended by Nobles with golden Staves—Warriors.

SCENE IV. *The Sea Coast.*

Three Ships are seen at anchor, and Boats come to Shore with martial Music and Colours flying.

Enter from the Boat, Columbus, Alonzo, Roldan, Valverde, Harry Herbert, and the rest of the Spanish Adventurers.—Columbus lands first, with his Sword drawn—he falls and embraces the Earth, during which Time there are three Cheers, and a discharge of Artillery; then the rest follow and come forward.

Columbus. First, to high Heaven, who thus, with never-fading honour, hath crown'd its poorest servant, let me pour forth a heart o'erwhelm'd with gratitude. And now begin the important work which heaven has delegated to us—Erect the sacred banner of our faith.

[The Cross is erected on one side of the stage.]

Alonzo. Brave associates ! join with me in praise of him, who hath atchiev'd what ignorance, with sapient shrug, and satisfied, benumbing prudence derided as the chimera of a madman's fancy : falling at his feet, let us be proud in being first to pay due homage to such surpassing excellence.

[They all kneel.]

Columbus. Rise, rise ;—rather, my Alonzo, in these arms receive my thanks, thou, next to heaven, my firmest friend. Ye men of Spain, let what has passed admonish you in what may be to come—keep in your minds the time when we had gained the course which shut out the eastern world ; how you beat your breasts, oppressed

pressed with fear and superstition—How, with womanish tears, you bade adieu to life, and blubbered out a requiem for your souls; then embracing desperation instead of fortitude, I was to be your sacrifice; and this body, which has been your conduct to wealth and honour, you would have given to the sea, and ignorance and cowardice would have triumphed.

Valverdo. Mighty Sir, forgive us!

Columbus. Freely, good Valverdo—Let the man stand forth, who, at a time so fraught with peril, first discovered land.

Herbert. [*Coming forward.*] It was my good fortune.

Columbus. Thou art not a Spaniard.

Herbert. No, your Excellency, I am an Englishman; and tho' we Englishmen are an odd, whimsical set of fellows, yet we generally contrive (and I trust ever shall) to keep a good look out a-head when our superior is in danger.

Columbus. Tell me your fortunes.

Herbert. My name is Harry Herbert; I am descended from as respectable and independent an ancestor as the world can boast,—an English yeoman; but the civil wars leaving my family little, which my imprudence soon made less, I thought that, altho' King Henry was deprived of the honour of this enterprize, that did not preclude his subjects; so I shipped myself off for Castille, where I had just time and cash enough to fall a dozen times in love, and into other scrapes, before I had the honour of embarking on board your Excellency's squadron.

Columbus. Herbert, thou dost honour to thy country.

Herbert. Then, Sir, I am glad, that for once I
am

am even with it ; for I am sure my country does honour to me. *[Indian music without.]*

Roldan. Behold a crowd of people, many of whom seem clad in sacred vestments—Their dress and standards bespeak them greatly civilized, and full of wealth.

Enter in procession Indian Warriors, bearing a Standard of the Sun—Orozimbo, Cora, &c.

Orozimbo. *[Descends from his car.]* Strangers, who seem to be above the race of mortals, instruct us how to honour you—If you be children of the Sun, behold our priests, who with perfumes and libations, will welcome you to his holy temple ; or, if human, here are fruits to feed you, dwellings to shelter you, and garments to clothe you.

Columbus. Chief, you behold in us the children of mortality ; but the power we serve, in his high mercy, has bestowed upon us superior gifts ; thus, thro' unknown seas to brave the imperious surge, and to construct engines which can sweep thousands from the earth—But that Deity commands us to proclaim his name with peace—The King, our master, wishes to enrich thee and himself—this hardy metal, useful in all the purposes of life, he will exchange for those thy country may produce. *[Presents a hatchet.]*

Orozimbo. 'Tis very strange—Thy King much wrongs himself—all we have to render is our gold, but that we find so yielding, and so useless, it were an injury to offer it—Indulge the curiosity of a stranger.

[Orozimbo, with Columbus, Roldan, Herbert, Nelti, Catalpo, &c. move up the stage.]

Alonzo. Oft has a tender glance escap'd my eye,
impell'd by Beauty's power, and from my bosom
the

the soft sigh instinctively has stolen—Many a fair Castilian has enforced this test of admiration, but now my every sense seems drawn by power magnetic to that lovely saint—Permit me, fairest creature, to express my admiration at the charms which now present themselves—tho' all the wonders of a new discovered world display their rival novelties, yet, now that I behold its first of wonders, all else exacts from me as little notice, as I, I fear, have power or merit to command from you.

Cora. Strange you wrong yourself, and hold me unskilful to distinguish, when you suppose desert like yours can pass unnoticed—Your praises of the humble Cora, tho' they have caused no vain emotion, yet ever will the mind receive with pleasure, praise e'en unmerited, when 'tis bestowed by those who claim our admiration.

Alonzo. All that the warmest fancy can depict in the bright colours of ideal excellence, can never reach that exquisite perfection nature exhibits—how must I bless my happy fortune, that bore me to a clime which boasts an ornament like thee.

Cora. [*Aside.*] What new emotion rises in my breast—I fear to ask my heart from whence it springs. Oh, Cora! think of thy sacred duty—think of the vow which pass'd thy lips so lately.—Stranger, tho' sacred hospitality commanded me to pay this courtesy, yet now a higher duty enjoins me to desist from further converse.

Alonzo. Let me entreat one instant—

Cora. It must not be—my conduct is controlled by rigid laws. Farewell.—Oh Cora, what days of wretchedness art thou doom'd to suffer!

[*Aside, as she retires to the priests.*

Alonzo.

Alonzo. What cou'd she mean? "Her conduct is controlled by rigid laws."—If she be destined to another, my lot is misery.

Orozimbo [*with Columbus, coming forward.*] In harmony and peace I rule a free and happy people, and I were unworthy of my kingdom, did I not endeavour to the utmost to convert the name of stranger into friend.

[*Exeunt Orozimbo and Columbus, hand in hand; Priests follow; then Alonzo, Roldan, Valverde, &c. and the Spanish and Indian soldiers—One party bow to the cross, the other to the sun.*]

Manent Herbert and Nelti.

Herbert. And so, my pretty Indian, you live very happily.

Nelti. Yes, all the day long.

Herbert. And have you no monks who pray for you, dispute with you, and burn you alive when you don't think as they do?

Nelti. Oh! no.

Herbert. Poor devils, what a way they must be in.

Nelti. Don't you come from the other world?

Herbert. What, you see something angelic about me, eh!—Yes, my love, I come from a little paradise, call'd England.

Nelti. Is England a world?

Herbert. A bit of one; but, little as it is, it somehow contrives to manage all the rest.—Shou'd you like to live in England?

Nelti. O yes; I suppose English women, arm'd with spears made of that pretty, hard iron, climb the mountains, and destroy the wild bull.

Herbert. Destroy the wild bull! No, my dear; our English women find prettier amusement in
encou-

encouraging the breed of horned cattle—the use of the pretty, hard iron is confined to the men, and no great favourite there; for I know many flourishers of spontoons, who have a cursed antipathy to cold iron.—Who is that elegant creature you were conversing with?

Nelti. Her name is Cora; she was this day admitted a priestess of the Sun.—The handsomest virgins are always selected to sustain that sacred office.

Herbert. The handsomest! you were then, on that account, not——

Nelti. Did I say the handsomest? Oh dear, I mean they select the most sedate—for, from this day she must never leave the temple, or converse with any except the priests.

Herbert. Except the priests! Go where you will, you find those gentlemen always contrive to be well taken care of—would you like to become a priestess?

Nelti [*sighing.*] Last night perhaps I should.

Herbert. Charming sensibility! and may I, my sweet girl, interpret that sigh in my favour?

Nelti. Ah, you will not love me.

Herbert. Not love thee!—By Magna Charta, I'll resign my life, fortune, and liberty to thee.—besides, I'll bring thee beads, cloathes, music—

Nelti. Ah, that is not love.—They only try to please the eye, who find their actions cannot touch the heart.—no presents or toys could influence Nelti.—no, not if you were to give her an iron javelin and a tame tiger.

Herbert. Indeed!—very delicate presents for a young lady.

Nelti. I wish I cou'd make him love me—how do women in England gain their lover's hearts?

Herbert. Generally by using them like dogs.—for, when a woman studiously avoids looking at
C a man,

a man, abuses him on all occasions, and is kind to every one else, we naturally conclude they love each other to distraction.

Nelti. I never can find in my heart to use him ill—What ugly thing is that ?

Enter Dolores and Bribon, from a boat.

Herbert. A doctor of physic, who having killed all his patients in the old world, except his wife, who wou'd never take his medicines, has ventured hither, in pursuit of new patients, new fees, and perhaps a new bed-fellow.

Nelti. And what's the other ?

Herbert. A lawyer and a coxcomb.

Nelti. What's a coxcomb ?

Herbert. A reptile, my dear, that is found in abundance in all countries, and yet is not easily described—it is a kind of mongrel, which men drive from them, because they hardly consider it as belonging to them, and the women won't receive, because they think it won't breed.

Do'ores. All seems pretty quiet.—I say, Bribon—

Bribon. What do you say, Doctor Dolores ?

Dolores. This seems cursed mild, wholesome, unprofitable air for a physician.—But heaven is merciful, wherever I go, patients increase.

Bribon. There seems plenty of gold, and plenty of gold, plenty of law, follows as naturally as a bill of costs.—I say, Doctor, do you see that sweet, pretty, wealthy-looking girl—

Dolores. I fancy I shall have some pretty female practice here.—I was a great favourite in Spain ; for my maxim was, always to stick by my friends to the last.

Herbert. Doctor, welcome to the new world.—So, you kept on board till all was quiet.

Dolores.

Dolores. To be sure—consider the importance of my life to you all ; but my chief reason was, that the famous astrologer, Doctor Diego Diablasco, told me something ill would happen if I were rash—but there seems no danger—that's a very pretty girl, and I love a fine young girl almost as much as I do fine old gold

Herbert. And have you, Doctor, so soon forgot your old helpmate in Valladolid ?

Dolores. Ah, poor old Dorothy ! But, Lord, I hate constancy as much as I hate health. Permit me, sweetest of savages, to enquire after the state of your health—how is your pulse ? let me feel how it beats—beats. *[Takes her hand.*

Nelti. Feel how it beats ? Perhaps it beats harder than you think

Dolores. Then there's the more necessity I should feel it, my pretty, pretty—

Nelti. There, then. *[Strikes him.*

Dolores. Zounds ! a dozen such patients wou'd do for me !

Herbert. Doctor, I hope to be honoured with the hand of this charming girl.

Dolores. Oh, with all my heart—I'm sure I've had enough of it—but you can't marry her.

Herbert. Why, thou professor of the glorious art of manslaughter ?

Dolores. Because the Pope allows no religious ceremonies with hereticks—all dealings with them must be in the way of plunder and glorious intrigue.

Herbert. The Pope ! pshaw, I shall sit down here for life, contented with a little—I'll build a neat, convenient house, after the fashion of the country, with a plain silver door, and a diamond knocker. The apartments shall be merely lined

with plates of gold, neatly carved—the sophas of silver tiffue, and stuffed with the down of humming-birds—As for fresco-work of emeralds, rubies, pearls, amethysts, and such nicknacks, my wife may ornament her dairy and dressing-room with them—in short, I’ll have every thing in a snug, comfortable way, without shew or expence

Dolores. Without shew or expence ! Pray, great Sir,—will you allow a poor man to gather up the chips, and now and then take a peep into your golden apartments ?

Herbert. Why, Dolores, by the time I build, I fancy you’ll have a snug *leaden* apartment of your own—so, go count beads instead of ducats, and try not to cheat *young* Harry out of his mistress, but *old* Harry out of your soul.

[*Exeunt Herbert and Nelti.*

Bribon. Zounds ! let’s follow ; for who knows, but in a minute, these savages may knock my brains out, with one of your shin-bones.

Dolores. Come along—Oh, I wish I had the doctoring of you for a week, you English mastiff.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Spanish Camp.*

Enter Columbus, with a party of soldiers, guarding others, chained, meeting Roldan and Valverdo.

Columbus.

UNGRATEFUL men, thus, in a moment, to destroy my brightest hopes.—see them closely guarded. [*Exeunt Soldiers, guarded.*]
Roldan, would thou think it, those wretches (dead to prudence as to honor) have damn'd the name of Spaniard, they have reviled the Indian priests, and with unmanly outrage, have torn away the golden ornaments that decked the lovely breasts of innocence.—The men, exasperated, call to the Cacique for vengeance; I, at the hazard of my life must follow, and appease his just resentment. [*Exit.*]

Valverdo. Shall then a brave Castilian be disgraced with bonds, for shewing disrespect to vile idolatry?

Roldan. No, Valverdo.—Soon shall this upstart Genoese, Columbus, feel the just vengeance of insulted Spain [*shewing a paper*].—My brother in ambition, look on this paper.

Valverdo. What's this—the royal signature?

Roldan. Mark me.—When our gracious Queen embraced the fortunes of this foreign Viceroy,
and

ever proffered her regal ornaments to equip his fleet, the minister, Foneca, jealous of the fame that might attend this enterprize, worked on the fears of the suspicious Ferdinand, to execute this commission of controul, which, now Columbus' conduct gives pretence, arrays me with the power of crushing his authority, and with disgrace returning him to Spain.

Valverdo. Glorious hearing!

Roldan. Do thou, Valverdo, tamper with the troops, press on their superstitious minds the injury our faith will suffer by winking at idolatry; tell them, the way to sudden wealth is easy, had they a fit commander—insinuate—but we waste words—about it, good Valverdo. [*Exit Valverdo.* For 'twere presumption to instruct a monk in wiles of glozing cozenage. [*Retires up the stage.*

Enter Alonzo.

The fatal wound is given to all my hopes—what years of bliss had my soul fondly pictured as Alonzo's lot—Oh, lovely Cora, must then thy beauties never more beam their bright radiance on me?—Had'st thou been doom'd to fill another's arms, I had indeed been cursed, but not so deeply; for I might still have gazed upon thy heavenly form—have listened to the sweet melody of thy loved voice, and known delight even in misery—But all is gloomy horror now before me.

Roldan. I hope I not untimely interrupt your meditations.

Alonzo. Roldan, the conduct of these Indians obscures our European virtues, and we are come to be instructed, not to teach—The good Columbus has appeased their just resentment, and, at the request of Orozimbo, consents to liberate the prisoners.

Roldan.

Roldan. 'Tis well [*shows a plan of attack*] but as we must secure a place of safety (for it were madness to repose confidence in savages) here have I drawn a plan which must render the town an easy capture.

Alonzo. The town a capture!

Roldan. Dost thou not understand me?

Alonzo. I hope I do not.

Roldan. There is no safety but in their destruction.

Alonzo. Roldan, thou surely can'st not be so damn'd as think it—What, stab the fond heart which overflows with love and adoration for thee—trample down sacred hospitality, and erect the throne of treachery and murder—by the great God of justice, first thro' this body thou must force thy way, thou traitor to humanity.

Roldan. Soft-hearted fool, these mawkish virtues have ever been the fainted garb of cowards.

Alonzo. Coward!

[*They fight.*]

Enter Cuto, with Indians, who rush in between 'em.

Cuto. Thanks to the God, this arm receiv'd the stroke that wou'd have slain you. [*To Roldan.*]

Alonzo. Good youth, thou bleed'st—Pray take all care of him [*binds his handkerchief round Cuto's arm*] Roldan, if yet thou need'st a stimulus to virtue, look on that Indian, and in the name of heaven, do not stain thy honour and thy manhood with treachery and ingratitude.

Roldan. Fortune permits thee now to school me—but, boy, thou shalt feel my power; go to the Viceroy, tell him that Roldan lacketh brotherly affection for the poor Indians, and add (for by the power of vengeance it is true) that Roldan is his covenanted foe—that he hath given
freedom

freedom to those Castilians he dared disgrace with bonds, and that, by thee, he greets his Excellency with defiance and contempt. [*Exit Roldan.*]

Alonzo. Perfidious, bloody villain! Oh, my friends, dangers I fear await you—I blush to say we have among us those whose vileness your pure nature cannot image. Let us prepare to meet the worst—summon your warriors, while I instruct them how best to guard each place of 'vantage—I'll to the Viceroy, and should this Roldan attempt to execute his villainous intent, depend on his protection. [*Exit Alonzo, with Indians.*]

SCENE II. *A Retired Place.*

Enter Columbus.

Columbus. All happiness is mingled with alloy—I've triumph'd over every opposition malice and folly raised to check my glory—I, now, in Europe's eye shall stand arrayed in all the honours which success commands—those, who if accident had thwarted my reason-founded schemes would with important ignorance have scoffed at the silly vague projector—will now, with panegeric full as thoughtless, admire my fortitude, and applaud my pre-science—yet, when I have attained the summit of my wishes, when I shou'd give some little rest to my care-worn mind, which long has struggled with adversity; when I might contemplate with joy, the virtues I have found in this new world, virtues more rare than all the riches it abounds in,—I find I have conducted to this hapless spot, hearts black with discontent, and factious jealousy, thirsting for plunder and for blood! But if determined rigour—virtuous example—

Enter

Enter Herbert, running.

Herbert. May it please your Excellency—I beg your excuse;—but I am so choaked with rage, and breathless with running, that I have scarce power to tell you—your troops have mutinied.

Columbus. Mutinied! Explain.

Herbert. Roldan, Sir, that—but I know a soldier's duty too well, to speak ill of a superior officer, or I'd tell your Excellency what a cursed inhuman scoundrel I think him—Their villainy and ingratitude is beyond belief—they murmur that you won't give them leave to cut the throats of these innocent Indians—They call for Roldan to head them, and I'll do him the justice to say, he would let them indulge in such pretty, harmless diversion, as long as there was a throat left in the country.

Columbus. This demands my instant presence—Herbert, in half an hour, attend me at the camp.

[*Exit.*

Herbert. Oh, if I had that Roldan in England, I'd hang him up without judge or jury—tho', on recollection, I have fixed on the worst place in the world for hanging folks up, because a great man like me wills it—"but now for vengeance—" and yet I don't know how it happens, that altho' in some things I am a tolerably active, industrious fellow, yet when I have to seek revenge, I grow so infernally lazy I can scarce find in my heart to set about it."

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Sea Coast—a boat stationed.*

Enter Roldan, with Troops, meeting Valverde.

Roldan. May I trust that look propitious—Oh, let thy words confirm it—how hast thou prospered with the soldiers?

Valverde. They more than met my wishes, and the dastard few, whom conscience kept in doubt, I soon won over by the stimulus of plunder, spiced with our Church's dispensation—in a word, they have all sworn, that on a signal given, they will desert Columbus.

Roldan. And in an hour, to a fairer promiser, wou'd they abandon *me*.—It mads me that I must climb the heights of proud ambition on the shoulders of such a crew of mongrels.—My design is to send Columbus, loaded with chains and accusation, a prisoner to Spain, and with him, those hen-hearted fools, whose superstitious scruples might prove troublesome.

Valverde. With deference to your happier policy, do you not risk by this the wrath of Isabella?

Roldan. Not a whit. For, unless Valverde, thou hast made some saint thy enemy, who, in mere spite, may work for them a miracle, they'll not fatigue the royal ear with much complaining.—To be plain, the vessel which shall convey them hence, is so strained, crazy, and unfit for service, she cannot weather out the slightest storm, therefore, the first rude wind that blows, will send them to explore *another* world.—But hark, that trumpet speaks Columbus.—Now, fortune, be my friend.

Enter

Enter Columbus, Moscoso, and Troops.

Columbus. Roldan, what means this outrage, this treason to thy King? Why spur on to desperation and rebellion, your few mistaken followers, whom my power, did I not abhor revenge, could in an instant sweep from the earth?

Roldan. Columbus, on *thee* let me retort the name of traitor.—I stand here, chosen by the general voice, the avenger of their wrongs.—'Tis thee they charge with treason to their King, assert thou wink'st at heresy, and hast made them the slaves of savages.—How dost thou answer?

Enter Herbert.

Columbus. Answer to thee?—Roldan, press not my patience farther.—But to convince thee, traitor, how false are thy aspersions, and that I reign sovereign in my people's love—mark me, be this the test. [*Takes a spear from one of the soldiers, and throws it between him and Roldan, dividing the stage.*] Let all, who do not in their hearts believe I mean them fairly, and judge thee worthier to command them, pass that javelin without fear or doubt.—Be that the barrier betwixt my influence and thine.

Roldan. Much it glads me thou hast proffered so fair a trial; and I swear, if they approve thee, I will resign into thy hand my sword and life.

Columbus. Now, my brave soldiers, hear my firm intent; I will lead you on to wealth, but not by massacre; I'll make you all, the wonders of the world, rich and beloved.—Then, without controul, decide your fate; but, remember,—you have but one step to make from honor to disgrace. [*Valverde, and those on Columbus's side, pass over to Roldan.*]

Columbus. Be it so—men without hearts are not worth regretting.

[*Herbert, who has been standing on Roldan's side, after eyeing with contempt those who deserted Columbus, passes between the front of the stage and Roldan, to Columbus.*]

Herbert. Great Sir, accept my humble services.—despise not him, who honours you—pray excuse these tears—let me embrace your knees.

[*Falls, and embraces his knees.*]

Columbus. My heart! my heart!—*Herbert,* thy gratitude unmans me. [*Embraces him.*]

Roldan. Now, *Columbus,* look on that paper; by it thou'lt find thy King distrusted thee [*giving the paper.*] And pray you all remember, I exerted not the high authority of which my sovereign thought me worthy, 'till he was deserted, and despised.

Columbus. Peace, fiery indignation;—down rebel heart,—and do not choak my utterance.—Well, Viceroy, [*giving his staff to Roldan*] where are your racks,—your instruments of vengeance?

Roldan. Oh, do not fear—we mean no torture.

Columbus. And think'st thou, villain, the subtlest inquisitor, who has out-damn'd his fellows in inventive cruelty, could give a pang like that I feel, in seeing thee possessed of power to make the happy wretched?—Oh my poor Indians, who shall now defend you, when this traitor, fit leader of his band of dæmons, like the arch-fiend, new lighted on a world of innocence, shall diffuse his devilish spirit, and extend hell's empire.

Roldan. Bring forth his chains [*Columbus is chained*]*—*for so the King enjoin'd he shou'd be sent to Spain whenever he proved unworthy.

Herbert.

Herbert. Chains ! Hell and fury [*draws his sword, but is disarmed*] Confusion !

Roldan. Captain, observe that with strict attention you obey your orders, [*pointing to Herbert*—for that stubborn rebel—bear him to torture.

Columbus. Hold, Roldan—thy vengeance must be most complete when I descend to ask a favour from thee—let my humility glut thy vindictive wrath.—Allow that Englishman to share my fortunes.

Roldan. Bear him away.

Columbus. Roldan, a wretch like thee should have a coward's caution.—Dost thou not dread, that in his dying moments, when, in defiance of thy tortures, (for I can read his noble soul,) he braves thee to the last, and glories in a death of honour, dost thou not fear he may infect this ruffian crew with some faint sparks of honesty, and make them less fit instruments for thee ?

Roldan. Bear him to death.

Herbert. Heaven preserve your Excellency.—Will you, great Sir, condescend to indulge the last wish of vanity, and, when you have nothing else to do, write to England the story of my fate ; that when my fortunes shall be enquired after, my friends, with joy sparkling thro' a tear, may say, Herbert stuck to his commander to the last, and died as an Englishman ought.

Columbus. My noble fellow, this hand shall justify thy fame.

Herbert. Then I am easy.—May your portion of happiness be equal to your virtues—farewell.—[*To Roldan.*] Perhaps, Sir, you never were at the death of an English game-cock.—Will you do me the favour of attending my execution ?

Roldan.

Roldan. Take him from my sight.

Herbert. Hands off, reptiles! [*to Roldan.*] That you are the most infernal scoundrel the devil ever made a friend of, all your worthy associates about you will, I dare say, allow—but I brand you with the name of fool, for enabling an humble man like me, thus to triumph over you, to defy you—scorn you—laugh at you—Hands off, reptiles!

[*Exit Herbert, guarded.*]

Columbus. [*to Roldan*] Is then my triumph for a world's discovery, and the trophies which I bear to Spain, to tell attending crowds my glory, a body bowed by ignominious fetters?

Captain. Pardon me, Sir, if I presume to beg, that I may so far mitigate their rigour, as when on board, to free the noble prisoner from their weight.

Columbus. You know not what you ask—wish me to forfeit the honours my King has heaped on me—no, these are his gracious gifts, and I've not yet learnt to disobey him—and here I vow before that power who cheers the soul of suffering virtue, tho' their cankerous rivets corrode my very bones, no hand but Ferdinand's shall free me from them—By heaven, my soul pants for the moment, when thus accoutered, I may meet his presence, and ask him—how I have deserved these favours from him.

Officer. All is ready.

Roldan. Bear him then on board.

Exeunt Roldan and Troops.

Columbus. Thou guardian of the innocent, to thy supreme protection I commend the generous natives of this hapless land; assist them to defend
their

their liberties from the fell grasp of this detested crew—To them extend thy mercy ; and let me pour my thanks for that celestial fortitude which glows within my breast—with it I can defy the storms of fortune, safe in the approval of a guiltless mind, which, not deserving wrong, can never feel disgrace.

[*Exeunt Columbus and Attendants to the Boat.*]

Enter Orozimbo, Alonzo, and Indian Warriors.—
Alonzo rushes to the top of the Stage.

Alonzo. Great chief, your succours come too late—alas ! he's gone ! Oh ! for vengeance on that traitor, Roldan ;—may this arm drive him from the earth, which groans at bearing such a wretch, and hurl him to the infernal gulph, as yet untenanted by any fiend so cursed.

Orozimbo. Alonzo, dost thou not blush to call these wretches, countrymen, who spurn at sacred virtue, and seem to court pre-eminence in perdition.

Alonzo. Spain, thou hast lost thy glory—pride and fanaticism have rear'd their bloody banner, and virtue flies to foreign climes for shelter—Orozimbo, to thee and to thy country I dedicate my life—Hark ! [*Cannon discharged*] The cannon's ireful throat, wont proudly to proclaim defiance, now throws along the wave a solemn sound, as knolling a departed friend.

Enter Herbert without his Cloak and Doublet.

Herbert. I have escaped the blood-hounds—
Zounds ! how I scampered—I never before knew
I was

I was so eminently gifted with that fashionable military accomplishment, retreating.

Alonzo. What means this strange appearance ?

Herbert. I'll tell you—that cannibal, Roldan, was, I believe, a little inclined to be dainty, and, wishing for a choice bit, consigned me over to Valverde, who stood man-cook on the occasion—he ordered me to be scored like pork, and then to be roasted ; and the humane priest remarked, there was not so excellent a receipt for insuring the love of heaven, as taking half a dozen heretics and broiling them gently over a slow fire—Acknowledge Roldan Viceroy, says he—I'd see you damn'd first, says I—so, watching my opportunity, I gave the priest a Cornish hug, shewed his scullions a specimen of English wrestling, and off I came, trussed for dressing, as you see me.

Alonzo. Well, my brave friend, thou then wilt aid our cause ?

Herbert. Do you suppose that I, who had my forefathers chopped to atoms in deciding the preference between a red rose and a white one, will stand idle in the cause of humanity ?—No, give me a sword, and if I don't, without benefit of clergy, execute that priest, Valverde, whom the devil has sent hither as his plenipotentiary, make me commander in chief to all the cowards in Europe.

Alonzo. [*to Orozimbo.*] Act in pursuance of the plan I gave, and with a rampart circle in the town, then let but hunger, that harbinger of mutiny once assail them, they, like opposing poisons, will soon destroy each other, and save your darts the labour.

Orozimbo.

Orozimbo. Trust me, brave people, these gods are vulnerable—soon shall you behold your javelins burnished with their blood—hunger and thirst is their's as well as our's, and the soul of a Spaniard takes its flight from a wound, as swiftly as an Indian's —Lead on.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

E

ACT III.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of the Sun.*

Catalpo and Priests assembled round the Altar.

Enter Orozimbo and Alonzo.

Orozimbo.

MATCHLESS infamy ! how could the villain Roldan think so poorly of me ? the tender of his friendship was sufficient insult, without the terms on which he offers it. Resign thee to him ! purchase by treachery the friendship of a traitor,—and for what ? Had he the power to raise me above all the glories ambition ever coveted, should I not, after such a crime, sit pining 'midst my splendour, the victim of accusing conscience, finding a curse in every blessing.

Alonzo. My heart burns with impatience to lead your valiant troops to just revenge—but let vigilance and caution guide us.

Orozimbo. My friend, do thou direct us at thy will—[*to the priests*]—prepare the rites, the sacrifice for war, and let the priestesses who was last received a servant of the Sun, approach the altar with her sacred present.

The priests range round the altar—folding-doors open, and priestesses enter and range on each side—Cora enters, bearing offerings in a golden basket.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. "'Tis she—'tis Cora—support me,
"heaven——this unexpected fight o'erpowers
"me."—[*Aside.*]

Cora. [not seeing Alonzo, advances and kneels at the altar.] Thou, glorious Sun, accept our humble offerings—receive with favour the righteous homage of our grateful hearts—If thy children e'er have broken the laws of hospitality, if ever they have failed to greet a stranger with a brother's love, they nor deserve, nor dare to hope thy fatherly protection—but if they have not merited the wrongs they suffer, preserve—protect them!

[*Priests and priestesses prostrate themselves;—
Catalpo takes from the altar an Indian weapon,
and gives it to Cora.*]

Catalpo. Priestess, bear to our chief this consecrated weapon, it shall defend the Sun's insulted glory, our sovereign's, and his people's rights.

[*Cora receives the weapon, and in bearing it to Orozimbo, sees Alonzo—exclaims,—“ Oh, heavens!”—drops the weapon, and faints—
Alonzo endeavours to assist her.*]

Catalpo. [to Alonzo.] Forbear—the proffered kindness claims our thanks; but thy unhallowed hand wou'd be a profanation to a priestess' sacred person.

Orozimbo. What means this tremor?—What shock so suddenly has struck that lovely frame?

Cora. I know not—a momentary weakness—
[*Cora is borne off by the priestesses.*]

Orozimbo. Let all attention wait her—'tis but the effect of apprehension from her inexperience in her sacred office—

Alonzo. She seemed much agitated—How shall I bear this aggregate of misery—my agony I fear will speak, what shou'd be hid from all.—[*Aside.*]

Orozimbo [*to the priests.*] Conclude your rites; and may the power supreme accept our fervent prayers, and be our humble offerings grateful to him.
[*The Scene closes.*]

SCENE II. *An Indian Town.*

Enter Dolores and Bribon.

Dolores. I tell you, this new world is crammed with wizzards and astrologers, that whiz about in the night time, raising storms, tempests, and mischief; and can tell the day a man is to die, with as much certainty as—as—

Bribon. As you can the death of your own patients.

Dolores. And can prolong your life year after year as easily—as you can a law-suit.

Bribon. But what cursed luck it is to be cooped up here with a parcel of savages, who know as much of litigation, as I do of the war-whoop—here I see gold enough to make me a judge; but I can't get a bit big enough to buy a scrap of parchment.

Dolores. Curse the new world, I say—there is not a man in it wants a physician but myself—If I cou'd but have gone back with Columbus—he must by this time be near Spain, and perhaps old Dorothy's dead.

Enter Nelti.

Nelti [*sighs.*] Shall I never see my dear Englishman

glishman again? He pleases my heart when present, but ah, how he plagues it when absent.

Bribon. Singular case—always plagued my wife when present, pleased her when absent.—[*addressing Nelti*] Most amiable and wealthy savage, behold a lawyer and a christian, who will give you the fee simple of his heart, and receive in return, all your love, and [*aside*] all your money.—Doctor, I wish to join issue here—I'll employ you as counsel,—say something for me.

Dolores. I will—I will—[*apart to Nelti.*] My dear, beautiful goldfinch, that fellow is a wicked, cheating lawyer.

Bribon. I see he's doing my business for me.

Dolores. Look with an eye of commiseration on one who loves thee.—Oh, how I long to kiss those pouting lips.

Nelti. You ugly creature, if you touch me, I'll cry out.

Dolores. [*aside.*] Cry out, ha, ha!—when a woman declares she will cry out, and when I say I will give a man a ducat to save him from starving, I believe we are both apt to be cursedly worse than our words—come, one buss—Oh lud, oh lud! how much in love I am!

Bribon. You old propagator of poisons, is this the way you plead my cause? By heaven, my dear, that old affassin has killed more than all the bravoos in Spain.

Nelti. Is a Doctor a bravo?

Bribon. Yes, my dear, with an university education—why, you old idol of grave-diggers, have not you confounded all distinction between a prescription and a death-warrant—had not you a regular

gular annuity from the undertakers—have not you cheated me out of thousands, by making people die so fast, I had not time to make their wills?—here's a pretty fellow to make love to a sweet girl—Why, he's as blind as justice, as unfeeling as a whipping-post, as diseased as a lazaretto, and as old as a chancery suit.

Dolores. Oh, you Janus-faced villain—What, traduce my fame?—was not I always a favourite with the women?—when their husbands were ill, did not the dear creatures always send for me?—had not I the honour of receiving a gold medal from the inquisition for keeping a man alive nine days, during the most excruciating torture?—and did not I cure you of a crick in the neck, which you got by standing in the pillory, you one-ear'd rascal?

Nelti. Yonder I see Herbert, and shou'd he find you here——

Bribon. He, I suppose, wou'd make his cane join issue with my head—I abscond.

[*Exit.*

Dolores. Oh, you cowardly villain! what, run away—egad, I'll be off too.

[*Exit,*

Nelti. [*alone*] Now I'm alone, I'll practice such behaviour as, I am told, the women in the other world use, that I may win the heart of my dear Englishman.—First then, I must avoid him—certainly—but that I'll do some other time—then I must abuse him—true, but how!—Oh, were it my task to praise, how prodigal would this heart be in pouring forth its store, which niggard now, will not afford one harsh idea. But I must try—ah, yonder he comes—well, I'm quite indifferent whether

whether I see him or not—I'll not walk in his way, I'm determined.

[Retires up the stage.]

Enter Herbert.

Herbert. It's always my infernal luck to be in a rage—to think that these innocent people, who lived as happily before the Spaniard's came, as the people in a village do before an attorney comes among them—should now have gridirons for beds—and what they think worse—the Spaniards place on their bodies, which were as free as Englishmens—an indelible mark of slavery.—Oh, I hope nobody will contradict me to day—I wish I could see Nelti—her soothing fondness would——

Nelti passes him [singing.]

Ah, Nelti, how do you do? *[loud.]*—My love! my love!! *[louder.]*

Nelti. Is it you? I declare I did not observe you.

Herbert. No—what might you be thinking of, my dear?

Nelti. That superior being, the elegant Alonzo.

Herbert. You were? and pray what might induce you?

Nelti. Heigho! *[sighs.]*

Herbert. My sweet girl, I'll tell you what. I have been in a most infernal rage, and I am not sure it is quite abated—so, to prevent mistakes, kiss me,—and, if you please, we'll have no jokes at present; for, tho' I love joking pretty well, I love kissing a devilish deal better.

Nelti. [apart] What a charming effect unkindness
has

has—I'll even give him plenty on't—really, Sir, you must possess a considerable share of vanity, in supposing there is no object worthy my regard but you—don't deceive yourself—you,—whom Dolores says, kicked the women, and were kicked by the men.

Herbert. He said that, did he? When I have the honour of meeting him, I'll try whether I have forgot my kicking. But—zounds, did not you tell me you adored me?

Nelti. But then I had scarcely seen the elegant Alonzo, the sage Dolores,—besides, that was some time ago.

Herbert. Whew!!! Oh, there must be some mistake—certainly one of the wizards old Dolores talks of must have been busy here—but come, Nelti, have done with folly, and tell me you love me sincerely.

Nelti. I wish I cou'd—but——

Herbert. Damn your *buts*, you imp of mischief, what do you mean?—have you encouraged me one day, to make my mortifications greater the next? have I left the jilts of one world / to find the same whirligig tricks in another—don't provoke me, or, by St. George and his dragon, I'll—damnation, that a man can't, with honour, beat any woman but his wife.

Nelti. Oh dear, I have gone too far—Harry, Harry!

Herbert. Keep out of my way, or by all the heroes in England I shall never contain myself—don't come near me, talk of me, or think of me—Go to Alonzo,—go to the doctor, or go to the devil; and as long as you are as miserable as I wish you, dam'me if I care where you go——

[Exit.

Nelti

Nelti [*crying.*] I find I don't know how to use a man ill—I was a fool for trying it—I can't tell how English women manage—but I am very sure I was made to use men kindly.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Spanish Camp.* [*Night.*]

Enter Moscoso and Spaniards, with booty.

Moscoso. Our commander Roldan, must not think of sharing in this treasure—damn subordination—are not we Christians superior beings? and have not we a right to murder as many Indians as we think fit?

1st Spaniard. Aye, to be sure; if they won't become Christians quietly, we must broil them till they do.

Enter Spaniards, pulling in Cuto.

2d Spaniard. This is the sauciest Indian we have caught yet—all good words are thrown away upon him, so, bring in the rack.

Moscoso. Come, be content to work and become a slave, and we'll shew you how to live.

Cuto. No, give me your tortures, and I'll shew you how to die.

Enter Roldan.

Roldan. The hour seems big with horror, and the vivid lightning, blazons the murky mantle of the night with awful splendour—Moscoso, why are you absent from your guard?—carry that gold to my tent.

Moscoso. I won't—I tell you what, Viceroy, my
F maxim

maxim is this,—always to obey my commander to the last drop of my blood, while he lets me have my own way—why, you are not in Spain ! by St. Lucifer, I won't part with the gold, so, what signifies opposition, when you know you can't help yourself ?

Roldan. Oh, Columbus, how fully art thou now revenged—[*aside*]—execrable wretch !—but we are friends—the common safety requires obedience, and only to preserve you all from death, I venture to oppose your wills.

Moscoso. Well, well, I am satisfied—I am of a sweet disposition—I have murdered many a man without bearing him the least ill will.

Roldan. Who is that Indian ?

Moscoso. I don't know ; but he's a damned faucy one, and minds no more *dying*, than we do *killing him*.

Roldan. Has the torture extorted no secrets from him ?

Moscoso. We have not began to pinch him yet.

[*A noise is heard, with thunder and lightning.*]

Roldan. What means this horrid noise ? The earth trembles.

Moscoso. Oh, mercy !

Roldan. Cowards, proceed to extort confession from that reptile.

Moscoso. I won't touch a hair of his head—do you think I am a savage ? how the ground shakes !

[*Noise again.*]

Roldan. This war of elements is awful, and may make these half-formed villains squeamish.

[*Aside.*]

Moscoso. Could you find in your heart to torture

ture a poor fellow-creature? We'll release that Indian. [*To Roldan.*]

Roldan. Well, be it so.—

[*Cuto is released, and exit.*]

But let not souls like yours be daunted; 'tis not the first tempest you have witnessed—cheerly, my friends,

[*Exit.*]

Moscoso. I think its quite gone off—bring that rascally Indian back, we'll—

[*Noise increases.*]

Oh, mercy! why, this is an earthquake.

1st Spaniard. Earthquake—aye, a terrible one.

Moscoso. The earth seems ready to open and swallow us up—let us find the priest and get absolution—Oh, mercy! mercy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A view of the Temple of the Sun. In the back ground a mountain,*

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo. Where'er I turn, 'tis ruin all and death. The wrath of heaven, roused at the crimes it views, pours forth its mighty vengeance.—“ Oh God of
“ justice—may thy awful power bury within that
“ earth their sins incumber, all who for thirst of
“ gold forget humanity, and dare to make thy sa-
“ cred name a sanction for their crimes.”—In this hour of horror, how does my anxious heart beat for her fate, who never can be mine—this temple's hated walls encircle all that on earth could make me blest—but how can I approach her, and

to remain uncertain of her safety, is worse than death [*a harsh noise, and part of the mountain is dislodged.*—E'en now, perhaps, the earth entombs its richest treasure. [*A turret of the temple is thrown down*—The dreadful shock increases.—Spare, spare my Cora!

[*A violent crash—a part of the temple is thrown down—through the chasm Cora is seen clinging to a column—Alonzo runs in, and bears her out—she faints.*

Alonzo. Revive, revive, my angel! let no fears assail that spotless bosom—Turn not from him, who, 'midst this shock of nature, knows no terror but for thee.

Cora. Whither am I borne? What art thou? Tell me—'tis he, 'tis he—the constant object of my thoughts!

Alonzo. Has Cora e'er bestowed a thought on on her Alonzo."—Oh joy unhop'd for.—“In this dread hour to share thy fate was all my utmost wishes could aspire to—but now to hear thee own a mutual flame, is bliss which bears my raptur'd mind almost beyond the check of reason.”

Cora. How my heart beats at this unlook'd-for meeting.—How little could I hope to be thus blest'd a few short minutes since, when I expected death at every rude commotion—yet, even then, on thee my thoughts were fixed—thee I implored to aid me, and my last sigh would have breathed blessings on thee.

Alonzo. Oh my Cora, how shall I tell thee what I feel at this excess of tenderness.

[*A violent shock, and a Volcano emits its fury.*

Ha!

Ha! heaven! my joy had banished from my thoughts all fear; and must we, must we, at a time like this, glut the devouring earth, or drown in floods of fire—let's fly to seek for safety.

Cora. Safety—'tis here [*throwing herself into his arms*].—within thy arms I dread no danger.

Alonzo. My heaven of bliss, to die in thy embrace, death would have no power to inflict a pang, but thy dear life is all I have to hope of happiness on earth, and heaven direct me to preserve it.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A rich country with an arbour.*

Alonzo and Cora discovered.

Alonzo.

MY Cora, methinks I never lived till now—
all that has passed of life, has been a dull
journey to this point of happiness.

Cora. Alonzo—Oh, how that name vibrates
thro' every nerve; and makes such sweet com-
motion in each pulse, as tho' they swelled to
emulate my lips, and strove to utter it.—

Alonzo. How my fancy glows with all the hap-
piness which awaits us—we'll fly together to the
dear retreats, where nature reigns with uncon-
trolled dominion—there, free from every care
which dwells with busy, artificial life, each day
shall greet us with unclouded joy, and each new
hour shall bring increase of bliss—there shall the
dear delights of husband and of father—

Cora. Oh, Alonzo! [*she is near fainting*]

Alonzo. Why droops my love?

Cora. Father, said'st thou?—that word has
from my lethargy roused me to madness—What
have I done?—Love has with tyrant power sub-
dued my soul, and forced from my fond mind
each sense of duty and each tie of nature—where
shall

shall I fly?—where has the earth a place to hide a wretch like me?

Alonzo. Do not distract me, Cora—explain these terrors—be quick to tell me, that my heart may share in every pang of thine.

Cora. Doom'd to the cruellest lot of human misery, hear all the horrors of my fate—when I, with heart which ne'er had felt one sense of passion which it glows with now, gave up my future days to holy solitude, “that I by such a sacrifice, “might heap more honours on a father's head “than e'en his virtues could procure him”—I then (Oh, heaven) should love e'er prove my conqueror, consigned myself to death, e'en thee, Alonzo, that rash oath condemned thee too.

Alonzo. Cease to bewail without a cause—a few short hours will bear us from the dread of all the terrors which oppress thy fear-struck fancy—then haste, my love.

Cora. Whither, Alonzo?—What, leave my hapless father and my sisters to expiate my crime—they are sureties for me—my flight would doom their innocence to bleed for my offence.

Alonzo. What dost thou utter?—Am I—am I the author of such direful ruin—am I the murderer of thy guiltless race?—did not affection check my ireful arm—did not my love command me to exist to share thy doom, whatever fate decree it, no longer wou'd I struggle with the horrors that I feel, but part with life and misery together.

Cora. Is this the comfort thou canst give to Cora?—Ah, why talk I of comfort—comfort's the lot of innocence—shall guilt like mine—shall blind distracted passion, hope to feel the dear
felicity

felicity that virtue feels—Leave me, Alonzo; and preserve thyself; then let me fly to meet the worst of deaths, so I may spare my honoured father's life, and save the offspring which has not disgraced him.

Alonzo. Oh, cease, in pity cease—let not thy frantic desperation drive thee to certain ruin.

Cora. Alonzo, can'st thou counsel parricide—would'st thou receive a murderer to thy arms?—Lead me to the temple.—The tumult of the night may have preserved my flight unknown—then let me haste.—

Alonzo. Must I resign thee—must we part—
[*taking her hand*] Oh, Cora, how hard a fate is ours.

Cora. Alonzo, if parting thus with thee, or instant death were left me to decide on, how should I spurn existence so dearly to be purchased.—But, oh, my father—my sisters—then let despairing love prey on my heart—the anguish of remorse shall never reach it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The outside of the Temple.*

Enter Alonzo and Cora, with great caution.

Alonzo. I have beheld no creature, all seems as still, as if the late convulsive shock of nature had spared no beings but ourselves.

Cora. For what a fate Alonzo, are we spared:—let me not think, or all my resolution will forsake me—Leave me before I well can realize our parting; for if I give scope to the dire thought, madness or death must rob me of all thought.

Alonzo.

Alonzo. I will not, cannot say farewell; for yet, propitious heaven may bless us with each other.

Cora. Oh! Alonzo—no more——

[*Alonzo leads her to the temple—they embrace—she goes into the temple.—He exit on one side of the stage.*]

SCENE VI. *The Town.*

Enter Herbert and Nelti with a Quipos.

Herbert. “Forgive thee, my angel—name
“not the word—I like a woman to be a little
“whimsical in trifles, as long as she has the stamina of affection at bottom—I am for none of
“your still, quiet, good sort of women, that
“make a man’s life one continued dead calm—
“no—no—refreshing breezes for me—when one
“is sure not to be driven by them on the rocks
“of aversion, they render the voyage of life free
“from languor and insipidity—”

Nelti. Rest assured every future breath of mine shall speak only affection and esteem—but, my Herbert, to owe my life to thy protecting arm, is such joy, as makes me, spite of its awful horrors, bless last night, which thus restored thee to my aching heart.

Herbert. My charming girl! Egad, I thought it was all over with us.

“*Nelti.* Oh, Herbert! what uneasy hours
“have I passed, and what melancholy thoughts
“have been put into my head—look here—
[*showing the Quipos.*]

“Here is the prophesy of eternal discord—
“here’s separation for ever—here’s——

“ *Herbert.* Here—what’s here—what does it mean ?

“ *Nelti.* Oh, by these braids of varied colours, we can explain every thing without speaking, as you do with what you call books—for instance—this knot says you hate me—this tells me you love some one else—by this I find we were to be miserable—but by this I find [*embracing him*] we shall for ever be happy.”

“ *Herbert.* Who gave you this—what do you call it ?

“ *Nelti.* One of our necromancers.

“ *Herbert.* Necromancers—ha ! ha ! ha !

“ *Nelti.* Every body believes in them—they say they can raise storms and thunder—can tell whose lives are joined together——

“ *Herbert.* Lives joined together—a curious doctrine——

“ *Nelti.* But I’ll never trust them again.

“ *Herbert.* No, my dear, trust only to me, and you’ll certainly not have to deal with a conjuror.”

Nelti. Here come those frights, Dolores and Bribon—I shou’d like to plague ’em dearly.

Herbert. Shou’d you, you rogue.—Egad, what you have told me about necromancers, and the strange opinion of your country, that people’s lives are joined together, has given me an idea which will plague them confoundedly, “ for their credulity in astrology is equal to their professional ignorance.”—This way, and I’ll explain.

[*Retire up the stage.*

Enter

Enter Dolores and Bribon, quarelling.

“ *Dolores.* Why do you keep following me,
“ and chattering your cursed jargon—

“ *Bribon.* I’ll walk where I like, and talk what
“ I like—

“ *Dolores.* Very true—as nature here asserts
“ her rights, of course monkies have privilege
“ to chatter without fear of correction, but” to
compare your paltry profession with the noble art
of healing?

Bribon. Why, to say the truth, Doctors do put
people out of their misery.

Dolores. Come, that’s better than Lawyers, who
put them into misery, and leave them there.

Bribon. Call in a Physician, he kills, or nature
cures.

Dolores. True; but call in a Lawyer, and egad,
kill or cure, right or wrong, is equally fatal—
[*seeing Herbert.*]—Zounds! there’s Herbert—
hush, be quiet—let’s listen.

Herbert and Nelti come forward.

Herbert. You amaze me! Can it be possible
that your necromancers are so very potent?

Nelti. True indeed, my love.

Herbert. This union of lives is very wonder-
ful, and doubtless very true—If old Dolores
knew that his life depended on another’s fate,
how anxious wou’d he be to know whose—

*Dolores and Bribon run forward, and interrupt
him.*

Dolores. I am very anxious.—

Bribon. I’d give half my estate to know it.

Dolores. Lives linked together!—oh! I've heard of it.

Bribon. So have I—it's a wonderful discovery!

Dolores. To be sure it is.—Why, it accounts at once for those cursed unprofitable apoplexies. What's that cat-o-nine tails? [*observing the Quipos.*

Herbert. By these knotty hieroglyphics, the necromancers expound the decrees of fate—Observe. [*presenting it*]

Dolores. Keep off—I would not touch it for the world—the idea makes me paralytic. “I hope my partner for life is one of these fine healthy Indians—long life to the worthy creatures—I love them in my heart, and so I ought—are not all mankind a kin to one another?”

“*Herbert.* So Roldan and his crew seem to think, for they treat the Indians exactly like poor relations.—”

Bribon. I'm exceedingly alarmed—wonder who they could find to couple with a lawyer's soul.—Sweetest of women—if you would condescend to enquire.

Dolores. Oh, if you would obtain from the necromancer one of these conjuring things, to inform me who is interested in my unhappy lot, I'd pray for you—I'd go to the devil for you—I'd——

Nelti. And never again tease me with love?

Bribon. Never—never.

Dolores. I'll hate you as long as I live.

Nelti. Then meet me presently—you see yonder cave.

Dolores. Yes.

Nelti.

Nelti. That's the dwelling of the necromancer.

Dolores. I won't go there—I would not see his devilship for the fame of Æsculapius.

Bribon. Nor I, to be the Lycurgus of the new world.

Nelti. Well then, I'll take care you shall not see him—so, follow me, and I'll get you information will set your hearts at ease. [Exit.

Bribon. I declare, what she has said, has made me so ill, I can scarcely stand—Oh, lord, I am afraid my accomplice is going.

Dolores. Come, Bribon, forget and forgive—[gives him a phial] and, as you are ill, there's a pretty, tasteless medicine, that I'm sure will do you good, my dear friend—Dam'me, but there's a dose for you, however. [Aside and exit.

Bribon. [to Herbert.] And does that old fool think I'd ensure death by taking his cursed potions—ah, Sir, there is no way to deal with doctors.

Herbert. I beg your pardon, give them fees while you are well, and nothing when you are ill, and they are not the mischievous animals you think them.

Bribon. If the necromancer will but speak the truth—— [Exit.

Herbert. Ha! ha! already I've performed a miracle—for there go a physician and a lawyer, wishing to find among men health and sincerity—This partnership of lives is a whimsical kind of doctrine, and yet, absurd as it seems, I feel it not altogether untrue, for were my Nelti to die, I believe, Herbert, thy life wou'd not be worth many days. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV.—*The inside of an Indian house.**Enter Dolores.*

Dolores. How anxious I am to know whom my precious life is joined to—Ah ! here comes Nelti—
Tell me, my dear girl—

Enter Bribon.

Get out of my way——

Bribon. I tell you what, old Hellebore, I'll—
Ah, here she comes—now for it

Enter Nelti with a Quipos.

Dolores. Sweetest messenger of fate, tell me the name of him, the cords of whose heart are so twisted with mine, that one crack will dis sever both.

Nelti. Now attend—I said to the necromancer, Most profound and learned sage, on whose life depends that of old Doctor Dominic Dolores ? says he, Has he not a decrepid form—withered face—sunk eyes—pug-nose—paper lips—leather cheeks—straggling teeth—says I, the description suits exactly—He then gave me this, which informs me your life is joined to—

Dolores. Whom ?

Bribon. I hope some rascal, who will be hanged in a week.

Nelti. Very likely, for it is joined to a lawyer's, and his name is——*Bribon* [*with deliberation, and seeming to expound the Quipos*] when one dies, the other will inevitably expire.

Bribon. Oh, lud ! Oh, lud !

Dolores. Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !

Nelti.

Nelti. I see I've made you quite happy—so, good bye.

[*Exit laughing.*]

Dolores. Oh, cruel fate! that my precious life must depend on my mortal enemy—I can't bear it.

Bribon. To be in the same death-warrant with that old superannuated villain—Oh, 'tis too much!

[*They each sit down lamenting, look at each other some time—first, with fear and anxiety,—then they smile and draw nearer to each other.*]

Dolores. I think it was ridiculous enough in us to quarrel about a silly girl, Eh, Bribon?

Bribon. Very, Doctor; just as if there were not unavoidable miseries enough in life, without making them.

Dolores. True—how do you do?

Bribon. You don't look well.

Dolores. My dear friend, let me feel your pulse—Oh, lord, 'tis very quick.

Bribon. Dear Doctor, sit down.

Dolores. I say, Bribon, you did not, (may be,) happen to swallow the contents of the bottle I gave you [*with hesitation.*]

Bribon. Oh, the scoundrel!—[*aside*—First tell me how you are.

Dolores. Why, independent of my care for you, I am very well—so, you did not take the medicine? Well, its no great matter—I'm not offended with you—perhaps it's as well as it is.

Bribon. What an old villain! If I thought it would not endanger his life, I would plague him heartily

heartily [*aside.*] I don't think, my dear Doctor, you look ill.

Dolores. Ill! I never was better in my life

Bribon. Egad I will—I'll plague him [*aside*] and thank heaven, the cordial you gave me, which I have just swallowed——

Dolores. [*greatly alarm'd.*] Why, you did not take it, did you?

Bribon. Every drop—I dare say it will do me infinite good.

Dolores. Oh, I dare say it will—let me feel your pulse again—perhaps it may give you a bit of a twinge across the stomach—but don't mind it.

Bribon. No—you seem frighten'd.

Dolores. Not at all—don't agitate yourself—let me feel your pulse again—how lucky it is, my dear friend—any thing the matter? [*Bribon pretends to feel pain*]*—*How lucky, I say, that the lives of two men should be linked together, who love each other so sincerely—Eh, what's the matter?

Bribon. Nothing—I felt a little ugly pain, but it's gone off—I can't help laughing to think we should quarrel about a girl—Ha, ha! ha, ha!

Dolores. Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! Ha, ha, ha! Are you sure the pain's gone off—Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! oh, dear!

Bribon. Oh, there again—they increase—they increase—Oh! oh!

Dolores. I am a miserable old man! What, again, Eh?

Bribon. Have you any more of the bottle?

Dolores. Oh, no——I have a notion you have had enough of that. [*Aside.*

Bribon. I'm torn to death—pray prescribe for me.

Dolores. Oh, Lord! not for the world—Leave it to nature—she's the best physician—Do you feel better?—I think you look better.

Bribon. [*sitting down on a chair.*] I feel I am dying—as a proof of my love for you, Doctor, I bequeath you—(Oh!) all my property whatever, and wish you a long and happy life.

Dolores. But, zounds! you forget I sha'n't outlive you a minute [*Bribon appears convulsed*].—Oh! he's going—help! help!

Enter Herbert (after having been peeping.)

Herbert. What's all this bawling?

Dolores. Can nothing save my dear friend?—my life is wound up in his.

Herbert. Ah, poor Bribon! what, he's going—now, is not it a shocking thing, Doctor, that, because this scoundrel is dying, some amiable gentleman won't live half an hour?

Dolores. O, very shocking! and between you and I, Herbert, I am that amiable, miserable old gentleman.

Herbert. How will you part with Nelti?

Dolores. Pooh! stuff—Do you think I mind parting with Nelti, or you, or all the world?—No; all my struggles are, how to part with my sweet self, how to bid adieu to this dear, delicious little body—Oh! he's going—he's going.

Herbert. Can you do nothing for him?

Dolores. Bleeding,—bleeding's all that's left—If my hand's steady enough, I'll open a vein.

H

Herbert.

Herbert. Be sure you cut deep enough.

Dolores. I will—I will—but I hav'n't my instruments about me.

Herbert. Here's my sword.

Dolores. Give it me—I'll bleed him—

Bribon. [*jumping up.*] No, you don't—don't be frightened [*to Dolores*] bless your soul, it was all a fetch.

Dolores. Come to my arms [*to Herbert*] what are you grinning at ?

Bribon. Ay, what are you—

Dolores. I'll be revenged on him—I'll trick him out of Nelti yet.

Bribon. What ?

Dolores. I'll marry Nelti.

Bribon. What, are you mad ? marry a young mettlesome wench that—pooh—nonsense—why, arsenic wou'd not send you to your grave with more expedition.

Herbert. True, Bribon—I'll go to Nelti—so, farewell, Doctor. [*Going.*]

Dolores. You sha'n't—you sha'n't—I demand satisfaction—Oh, you cowardly—

[*Dolores attempts to follow him, which Bribon prevents—Herbert returns, in apparent anger ; then Bribon snatches up Dolores in his arms, and runs off with him.*]

[*Exit Herbert, laughing.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

A C T V.

SCENE. I.—*Outside of the Temple of the Sun.*

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo.

STILL must I wander near these awful walls,
uncertain of my fate.—Though days and
weeks pass on, yet nought I gain from lengthened
time, but added woe.—Still, still I tremble for
her life! And were my mind relieved from that
distracting fear, what comfort even then could
reach me—The treasure of my soul's immured
in yon impenetrable shrine—buried for ever
in that grave of youth and beauty.—Where
can I find a thought of ought but wretchedness—
[*Stands in a posture of despair.*

Solasco comes from the Temple and observes Alonzo.

Solasco. Alonzo!

Alonzo. What wou'd'st thou?

Solasco. I come from Cora.

Alonzo. From Cora say'st thou? I dread—

Solasco. Dread the worst.—The hapless victim
of unholy love sends to Alonzo her dying blessing.

Alonzo. Oh heaven!

Solasco. Her absence from the temple was discovered.—She was seen with thee.—She begged

me to conjure thee by her love, to save thyself
from death by instant flight—obey her quickly—
[*Going.*]

Alonzo. Stay, stay I charge thee.

Solasco. I have performed my office ; urge not
my stay, for I have feelings hard to be suppressed,
and which, if not suppressed, might wound thee.

Alonzo. What can now wound me more ?

Solasco. We thought thee perfect, we adored
thee with reverence, fit only for the power whose
worship thou hast violated.

Alonzo. Forbear old man ; cease thy untimely
chidings.

Solasco. My woes may surely justify my chid-
ings.—“ I, who behold a race, in which each
“ virtue heaven could give, all honour human
“ power could bestow, has bloomed for ages,
“ blasted with infamy, with infamy by thee.

Alonzo. “ Forbear, forbear.”—

Solasco. I, who am doomed to view the dearest
object of my doating fondness, whose goodness
oft' has steeped these aged eyes in tears of joy,
to see her branded with guilt, devoted to de-
struction.—Have not I full cause, thus loudly to
complain, and to upbraid thee,—I, her hapless
father?—

Alonzo. Father say'st thou ? [*falling on his knees*]
Thou, the father of my Cora.—“ Oh forgive me ;
“ yet how can'st thou forgive the murderer of
“ thy child ? Strike, strike this weapon in my
“ guilty breast—Oh give me death ; it will at
“ once to thee be vengeance, and to me be
“ mercy.

Solasco.

Solasco. “ I seek not vengeance ; vengeance is
“ for weaker woes.—But tell me, how could’st
“ thou heap such anguish on a heart that never
“ injured thee ?

Alonzo. “ Oh father, let me call thee so—
“ wring not my soul thus”—I love thy daughter
with a flame pure as her virtues ; think then what
I must feel, and even thou may’st pity me.

Solasco. If thou dost truly love my hapless
child, e’en in the midst of all my woes, my bo-
som owns one pang for thee—The torments of
my Cora soon must end.—Thine, alas !—but let
me not encrease the sorrows I could wish to soothe
—Farewell—obey my dying child, and grant
her all the joy she now can taste—to know that
thou art safe.

Alonzo. Think’st thou I am base enough to live
the monument of her destruction, and my own
disgrace.—No, if *my* life cannot alone appease
your violated laws, let me at least partake my
Cora’s doom, and in a fond embrace expiring,
I’ll bless the fate, that e’en in death unites us.

Solasco. Our law allows no partial mitigation—
leave her to meet the doom thou can’st not save
her from ; and do thou bear life a little longer,
to give unhappy Cora, in her dying pangs, one
ray of comfort.

Alonzo. Oh my father !

Solasco. Farewell, farewell my son ; and if thou
can’st be happy, heaven can tell I wish thee so.

[*Exit.*

Alonzo. Now then the sum of horror is com-
plete.—

[*Indian instrument sounds.*

Enter

Enter Orozimbo attended.

Orozimbo. Alonzo, thy aid is now our chief reliance—Roldan prepares to attack us ; and since the good Columbus left our coast, thro' many tedious months of care and danger, thy counsel and thy valour, still have been defence and safety to us. But, why droops the brave Alonzo?—If any tender scruple of shedding native blood now check thy wonted ardour, freely avow the generous weakness.—On thee depends our fate—yet would I welcome the loss of empire and of life, rather than save them by Alonzo's misery.

Alonzo. No—With honest zeal I draw my sword against the enemies of innocence, tho' the same clime hath bred us.—He who regards his country's real honour, owns for his countrymen, none but the virtuous.—Yet, Orozimbo, this heart is bursting with its anguish.

Orozimbo. Thy sorrows, tho' I am unconscious of the cause, have found their way into my kindred breast.—Tell me thy griefs, that I may soothe, perhaps relieve them.

Alonzo. Thou, thou alone hast power to do it.

Orozimbo. Then, by my kingdom, thou shalt find relief.

Alonzo. [*Looking round*] Command that all remain at distance.

Orozimbo. Retire !

[Troops retreat to the back of the stage.]

Alonzo. [*Points to the Temple*] Behold those walls ! does thy exalted mind, which owns the noblest energies of reason, does it approve that structure, reared by mistaken zeal, to glorify the Deity, by the dire sacrifice of all his dearest blessings ?

Orozimbo.

Orozimbo. Say on.

Alonzo. Does she, who, in the prime of youth, when every fine affection of the soul glows with its noblest fervour, when all the joys of life seem decked with magic splendour, does she deserve the punishment of guilt, who, buried in yon' ruthless prison, casts a fond thought on the delights she has lost, dares to condemn the tyranny which binds her, and claims her right to liberty and love?

Orozimbo. I would aspire to reign beyond the limits of weak prejudice; but reflect, Alonzo, how sacred are a country's customs.

Alonzo. There, there's the source of half the misery of human-kind—custom is the vile confounder of virtue and of vice.—It checks the operation of our godlike reason, and makes the greatest glory of creation, a being void of will—Oh, Orozimbo, soar superior to the mists of error—when thy great soul displays unmanacled its glorious attributes—thou'lt cease to think that God delights in cruelty, whose blest infusion in the human heart breathes mercy and benevolence.

Orozimbo. Oft have I admired thy wisdom and thy virtue; but, now methinks, in thee I hear the voice of heaven, and it shall be obeyed.—But I must praise thy wondrous goodness, which can thus plead for other's misery.

Alonzo. There I am unworthy of thy praise—mine is a selfish zeal—I've sued for one whom I adore; nay for myself I've sued.—Oh, Orozimbo, in the repeal of an inhuman law, thou hast restored my forfeit life—nay more—the life of her I love.

Orozimbo. What do I hear?

Enter

Enter Cuto.

Cuto. Great chief, the foe is on their march—your warriors are assembled, anxious for your presence to lead them to victory.

Orozimbo. On my friends.

Alonzo. One moment stay.—Left the fell chance of war (which, heaven avert) shou'd leave my lovely Cora without the generous friend she has found in thee; first let me bear your royal mandate to the temple, strictly commanding, (whatever fate may in the battle wait us) pardon and liberty for her.

Orozimbo. I must in person give the important mandate—Lead on the troops [*to Alonzo,*] and I with speed will join you. [*to the troops.*] I leave you to the conduct of the brave Alonzo.

Orozimbo goes towards the temple, Alonzo heads the troops—

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Battle.*

Excursions—Alonzo is seen successfully to attack Roldan, who is relieved by a party of Spaniards—Alonzo retreats fighting—Indians driven across the stage.]

Enter Orozimbo, attended, and Herbert.

Orozimbo. Alas! our efforts are, I fear, in vain.

Herbert. We'll fight, my noble chief, 'till we force victory to crown us—our deeds shall shame her for inclining to our dastard enemies—Alonzo bears about him like an hungry lion.

Orozimbo. Heaven protect and aid him.

*[Exit,
Herbert.]*

Herbert. What an unlucky dog am I—I was within six yards of that destroyer of innocents, Roldan, and yet the villain had the good luck to escape me—I have not had a bit of fighting so long, and this whet has given me such an appetite—ha, ha! here comes work for me—now, my boy, Herbert, stick to them.

Enter two Spaniards.

1st Spaniard. Yield directly, you English deserter.

Herbert. Yes, I am a deserter; but there alone where an Englishman will be one, from villainy and oppression to honour and humanity—Have at you, bloodhounds!

[They fight, seize Herbert's sword-arm, and force him off the stage; during which Nelti enters in the dress of a female warrior.]

Nelti. Herbert in danger *[draws her bow]* Aid me, ye powers! *[hesitates]* Alas! his manly breast presents itself, and my erring hand may slay my love—They overpower him—now, heaven direct me *[she lets fly an arrow]*—he's safe—*[falls on her knees.]*

Re-enter Herbert, driving a Spaniard across the stage.

Herbert. Saved by a woman's hand!—she faints—the spirit which animated her to preserve me, now sinks beneath the weight of its own effort—Good heaven! can it be?—'Tis Nelti.

[Hugging her.]

Nelti. Oh, Herbert, joy has almost the same effect that terror had, and I am scarce able to bear the excess of happiness your safety gives me.

Herbert. My dear angelic girl, I am in such transport, I scarcely know, whether I am in earth or in heaven. [*shouts.*] But let me bestow you in a place of safety, for you hear I am wanted.

Nelli. Then my business is not done—I came here to watch your safety, and I'll not leave you; so, obey me—you are not the first hero who has had a female commander.

Herbert. Then act, my love, like a commander, and get out of the reach of danger as fast as you can—See how the Indians fly—Hah! we are surprised, and our retreat cut off—This way—this way——

Exeunt, [a troop of Spaniards pursuing.]

SCENE THE LAST.—*A garden of the Temple of the Sun—at the upper end an arch.*

Enter Catalpo and priests.

Catalpo. Tho' I receiv'd, with all apparent reverence, the mandate of the King, to spare the impious priestess, I but dissembled, to preserve our sacred rites inviolate—had I opposed the hated order, his power would have rescued from our grasp, the object of our vengeance.

Priest. But, say, Catalpo, does no doubt remain of this young priestess' crime! For, by our chief's command to spare her life, he surely deems her innocent.

Catalpo. There can exist no doubt—On the morn which followed that dreadful night, when the dire war of elements diffused such general horror, Bleffco, whose truth none yet e'er doubted, beheld her conducted to the temple by one of these hated strangers, with whom she parted
“ with

“ with every mark of fond endearment—Long he
“ concealed this, till at length his conscience fore-
“ ly wounded by the guilt he secreted, he on his
“ oath declared to me this profanation.” Instant
conduct the offender to her doom.

Enter priests, conducting Cora in procession, with archers and Solasco.

Solasco. [*falling on his knees.*] Oh, reverend priest, on my devoted head let fall the vengeance of the offended law---the crime was mine; I heeded not the tears which trickled down my Cora’s angel-face; I listened not to the reproving sighs, which forced their way from her lamenting bosom; but, deaf to nature’s voice, compelled her to dedicate her youth to solitude and misery.

Catalpo. Hence, nor offer further insult to offended heaven, by pleading for a wretch who braves its laws.

Solasco. Sure heaven will pardon a poor old man, who pleads for mercy to his child—the offence was mine, then take my forfeit life, but save, O save my Cora.

“ *Catalpo.* Retire; for tho’ no pray’rs shall urge
“ me to neglect the duty which I owe to heaven,
“ I do not wish a father’s eyes to view the shedding
“ of his daughter’s blood.

“ *Solasco.* And does thy piety, thy filial love,
“ then doom thee to destruction? Cursed Solasco!
“ how worthless art thou of thy child—thy injustice
“ devoted her to misery, and in return she
“ dooms herself to death, to save her cruel father’s life.”

[*Cora throws herself round his neck.*

Catalpo. Dost thou still with impious stubbornness, persist to keep concealed the partner of thy guilt? Say, who it was seduced thy innocence?

Cora. Oh, for mercy, spare me so dire a thought—Shall I be his accuser—Oh bless, preserve him, Heaven.

Catalpo. This instant meet thy fate.

Enter Cuto.

What rash foot dares, unbidden, to approach the sacred Temple?

Cuto. I wish my tidings did not justify intrusion—Reverend Priest, freedom is lost—the barbarous foe hath conquered.

“*Catalpo.* [*to Cora*] Thou hast armed the hand
“of Heaven against us—its indignation falls on
“our heads in vengeance for thy crime”—Lead
to her death.

Cora. [*as they seize her*] Hold—doth Alonzo live?

Cuto. He was too brave for life—With ardour more than human he fought the fiercest dangers of the fight, and hurled destruction round him; but at length hemmed in by numbers more than mortal arm could force, he must have fallen, to swell the horrors of this dreadful day.

Cora. Then welcome, death [*fixed in a posture of despair*]

Catalpo. Ha! it must be so—the secret is revealed.

Cora. Lead me to my fate—Your cruelty will now be mercy—My soul's impatient to throw off this load of life, eager to join the spirit of my lord, and soar in union to the realms of bliss.

Catalpo.

Catalpo. Silence this frenzy—or if thou must be loud in exclamation, curse with your dying breath your impious violator.

Cora. Peace, monster, dare not to breathe a sound reproachful to my Alonzo's memory, lest I forget the calm solemnity this awful moment claims, and pour on thee my curses.

Catalpo. To death with her, and thou, old man, this instant quit the Temple, or behold thy daughter bleed.

Solafco. Farewell, my child, I'll weep no more.—This bursting heart will soon force out a passage for my soul to take its flight and follow thee.

[*Embraces Cora and Exit.*]

The ceremony takes place, the Archers range, and Cora is led to the upper part of the stage—The Archers draw their arrows, then Alonzo rushes down, covers her with his shield, and exclaims Hold, monsters, hold! They are astonished at the appearance of Alonzo and drop their bows—Cora faints, Alonzo bears her forward.

Alonzo. My life, my Cora—Could their barbarian hands dare point their vengeance at thy lovely form? And have I then the bliss to clasp thee once again—Tho' danger, and tho' death on every side surround us, still to enfold thee thus is extacy.

Cora. My loved Alonzo—They told me thou wer't dead, and I was eager to escape from life, again to meet thee.

Alonso. By miracle hath Heaven preserved me—But say, what meant those bloody rites? [*to Catalpo*]

Catalpo. Think not thy frenzy shall impede our justice.

Orozimba.

[*Orozimbo without*]

Make fast the Temple gates—The foe will soon be here [*comes forward*] Alonzo—dost thou live, my friend?

Alonzo. The arm of heaven was surely stretched to save me—I forced my way thro' the opposing multitude, and seeing all was lost, I came once more to view this precious treasure, and die defending it—here I met death in all his direst horror, cloathed in the garb of priestly cruelty, not even thy command—their king's decree, could stop the torrent of their barbarous zeal.

Orozimbo. Thou traitor—hence from my fight—begone—[*Exit Catalpo*]*—*death waits us all—let's meet it as we ought.

[*Distant shouts.*]

Alonzo Oh! what a moment of distraction—must I behold thee—[*to Cora*] sinking beneath the weight of butchering swords, or worse, leave thee the victim of a brutal conqueror.

Cora. Can my Alonzo grudge me the bliss to die with him—souls linked like ours, the call of death should never summon singly.—The horrors of captivity, thou need'st not dread for me.—This [*snatching Alonzo's poignard*] if the sabres of the foe shrink from shedding a woman's blood, this shall prevent my lingering in life, when my dear lord has left it.

[*Noise at the gate of the Temple and shouts.*]

Alonzo They come—now then for death.

Orozimbo. [*Embraces Alonzo and Cora*] Farewell—farewell.—

They all stand in postures of defence; a noise is heard like the bursting of a gate, Herbert rushes in.

Herbert.

Herbert. Huzza! victory! victory!

Alonzo. Herbert!

Herbert. [*comes down*] Victory!—justice—happiness.—[*embraces Alonzo*] huzza!

Alonzo. Instant ease this anxious heart.

Herbert. Give me breath [*shouts without*] huzza!—now for it—in our late overthrow, finding our retreat cut off, Nelti and I scampered towards the shore, with a troop of the whiskered bloodhounds at our heels.—There, to my surprise I beheld a fleet—Spanish colours—they were landing—I hailed the first boat—Who's your admiral says I—Columbus!—Columbus!

Orozimbo and Alonzo. Columbus—

Herbert. I say, Columbus—

Alonzo. Then, Spain, thou hast retrieved thy name.

Herbert. Who's your admiral, says I—Columbus.—

Alonzo. Say on.

Herbert. He landed, and when I had done crying, I informed him what had happened.—On the instant his troops flew to arms.—But Roldan's crew saved us the trouble of fighting—they fell on their coward knees [*shouts*] but here they come, and as they ought—Roldan in chains, and Columbus triumphant.

Alonzo. Hear'st thou, my love—let these delightful sounds dispel the hideous horrors which oppressed thee, and elevate thy soul, like mine, to heavenly bliss.

Cora. Bliss Alonzo! Can happiness be ours?

Alonzo. For ever. [*Embraces her.*]

Orozimbo.

Orozimba. Receive, Alonzo, receive thy Cora to thy arms, and may the giver of all bliss shower down upon your faithful loves, his choicest blessings.

Enter in procession—Trumpeters—Spanish soldiers—Others bearing presents—Models of guns—Sailors with model of a ship—Monks bearing the bible and cross—Spanish banners—Dolores and Brihon—Spanish soldiers—Roldan, Moscoso, and Spanish soldiers, chained—Solasco—Nelti, with Indian women scattering flowers—Banner of the order of Alcantara—Attendants bearing insignia—Columbus.

Columbus. Oh, my dear country, for I must call thee mine, do I again behold thee? This happy hour o'erpays my utmost toil.—My friends, much have I to enquire.

Alonzo. Great Columbus, till my heart is made acquainted with thy fortunes, I cannot tell thee of my happiness.—Has Spain redressed thy injuries—has Ferdinand—

Columbus. Alonzo, my wrongs were enviable—captivity was triumph—When amidst the applauding shouts of thousands, I approached the royal presence, the suffering monarch shrunk from the sight, and threw his mantle o'er his face, crimsoned with shame; then raised me to his arms, still my pride sustained me; but when I beheld the beauteous Isabella, try to force from their dire grasp my galling chains, and on each wound drop a balmy tear, loyalty and love rushed on my soul, I embraced her royal feet, and gave her tears for thanks; then all the pride of pagantry was decreed, but my soul languished for the

the time, when, Orozimbo, I might thus again enfold thee, and restore to thee thy kingdom, freed from the gripe of ruthless tyranny.

Orozimbo. Greatest of men, in firmest confidence of thy excelling virtues, I repose my people's safety.

Columbus. [*to Herbert*] My noble Englishman, receive from my hand this lovely maid, and such benefits as I can bestow, you may command.

[*Talks apart with Orozimbo, Alonzo, and Cora.*]

Nelti. Now, my dear Herbert, you will become a great man, and live at your ease.

Herbert. A great man, and be at ease!—never was such a thing heard of. This is the sort of being which passes for a great man, and I hope you don't call this being at ease—[*Erects his head, and walks about struttingly.*]*—*Ha, ha! No, my love, it requires a cursed deal more hard labour to impose on the world, than suits the tranquil indolence of my disposition. And now, that all may this day be happy, Doctor, a word with you.

Bribon [*running before Dolores.*] What do you want, Sir, with my friend?

Dolores. Aye, what do you want?

Herbert. Only this, my excellent friends, I have abused your credulity.

Dolores. How?

Herbert. Your lives are independent of each other, and now you may hate again as heartily as ever.

Dolores. Did not the necromancer?

Nelti. I was the necromancer, old Dominic.

Dolores. You were—Get out of my way, you—
[*Kicks at Bribon.*]

Bribon. Ha, ha!

[*Snaps his fingers at Doroles.*]

Columbus and the rest come forward.

Columbus. That was indeed a triumph.—See those wretches closely guarded—their punishment must not now damp the joy I feel. Oh, were I satisfied no future Roldans would alarm your peace, I should be blest indeed.—Had I earlier known that Englands monarch would have graced my fortunes with his victorious banner, then would your freedom have been firmly fixed.—They only who themselves are free, give liberty to others.

BRITONS again behold Columbus sue
To have his fortunes patronized by you ;
To your support alone he trusts his cause,
And rests his fame, on Englishmens applause.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MILES P. ANDREWS, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MRS. POPE.

OLD stories done—old times long since forgotten,
Like musty records, little read, and rotten,
Return we now, to periods fonder grown,
To happier days, and readings of our own ;
Where'er we ope the book, the stile is clear,
The int'rest charming, the conclusions, dear ;
Our means are flourishing, our joys not scant,
Possess'd of every good, the heart can want,
Old tales of conquests, thrown on distant shelves,
We've little left to conquer—but ourselves :—

An arduous task—and yet to do us right,
We lose no time in entering on the fight ;
Miss, scarcely in her teens, attacks Mama,
Already having routed *sage* Papa ;
“ I'm not a chit—I *will* turn up my locks,—
“ I *will* wear powder, and I *won't* wear frocks ;—
“ I hate to dance with *boys*, now I'm so tall,
“ I'm fit for *any man*, at *any ball* ;—
“ You want to keep me back, because its known,
“ When girls *grow up*, their mothers, they *grow down*.”

Pert Master Bobby too, releas'd from school,
Hectors at home, and early learns to rule ;
The splendid stud, relinquish'd by his fire,
In grand display, awaits the youthful Squire ;
And while to Cambridge he should studious steer,
Newmarket's course arrests his gay career ;

There

EPILOGUE.

There he, *long odds, short bets, pass dice*, all pat in,
Sticks to the *Greeks*, and disregards the *Latin*;
Flown up to town, our fierce-cock'd, *captious* Bobby,
Drives to the play, and quarrels in the lobby;
“ Sir, you’re a scoundrel ! damme Sir, you lie ”—
“ Sir, here’s my *card*, for *damme I am—I* ”—
Thus is the boy, intent to ape the man,
A puff of discord, and a flash in pan.—

In married life, resolving each to drive,
A sweet contention keeps the flame alive ;
“ I know my province—so do I, my Lady—
“ You’ll prove my torment—you’ve proved mine al-
ready.
“ To guard my rights, my Lord, I must endeavour—
“ You’re always out—and you are out for ever—
“ Then both I trust are happy, *sposo caro*—(*with ironical
tenderness*)
“ You throw at *hazard*, and I punt at *pharo* ;
“ Each have their object—so resentment smother—
“ Hold out the olive *branch*, or wear another.”

Suffice this raillery—enough to prove,
Our noblest conquest, is our own self-love ;
The Author, who to night has greatly dar’d,
To brave the issue of your high award ;
Tho’ old, the legend whence his scenes he drew,
Humbly presumes, the inference may be new ;
Should then the efforts of his untaught muse,
By just, tho’ small desert, his flights excuse ;
Let him enjoy, for all his anxious toils,
That bright reward—the triumph of your smiles.
